

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



CHASED BY THE HERD.

A GALLOP FOR LIFE.

WHEN our vessel was lying in harbour at Monte Video, I accepted an invitation from an English settler—who had been one of the first to substitute sheep-farming on a large scale for the cattle-breeding which had hitherto been almost the only occupation of the natives of the country—to visit his place in the interior. He owned stations in various parts, but his principal homestead was on the Rio Negro.

It had been a very dry season, but rain had just

commenced to fall—and in time to prevent terrible loss and suffering. This circumstance led us to talk of the droughts to which those countries are at times liable; and, recalling the mention made in Mr. Darwin's *Travels* (which I had been lately reading), of the celebrated dry season, known as "el gran seco," or the great drought, when cattle in thousands rushed into the river and perished, I asked my host, who was a man past fifty, if he had been in Banda Oriental then. We were, at the time I put the question, riding along the bank of the Plate, not

far from the junction of the Uruguay with it: for we were going first to Colonia. As the reader is doubtless aware, La Plata is, even when fifty miles from the sea, a stream of many miles in width, although shallow, comparatively; and thus more resembles an inland lake than a river. The bank or shore just there made a great semicircular bend, forming a promontory projecting into the stream. This, like all the rest of the country, was a treeless, rolling plain, or prairie, but not nearly so level as that on the south, or Buenos Ayres side of the river. Cliffs or steep banks of fifty or sixty feet terminated it; and a broad margin extended between the foot of these and the now shrunken waters of the river.

"You could not have put that question in a more fitting place," he replied; "for it was in this bend of the river that a circumstance happened which, long as it is ago, will never allow me to forget the great drought. Do you see those white specks and patches, here and there, between the present edge of the river and the cliffs? Ride a little nearer, and look along the foot of the rocks. See those white spots! Those are bones, the remains of innumerable cattle, who here rushed madly to their deaths. My own bones had nearly found a similar resting-place, and farther on those of my horse are buried beneath them. The floods of thirty or more years have silted and nearly covered them over. Who knows? Perhaps the geologists of future ages may puzzle their brains to account for their presence amongst the armadillos and mastodons, and other extinct species! I will tell you how it happened, and what a narrow escape I had of being made a fossil myself—as well as my horse.

"I was then a lad of sixteen or seventeen, and had only recently joined my uncle, who was a merchant in Monte Video. It was he who bought the place I now live in, and being a childless widower, he sent to Scotland for me. I had only been about a year with him when what I am going to relate befell us.

"He had retired from business, and had already commenced the pursuit I have since followed up so extensively—that is, he had purchased and imported a number of sheep, when the drought—called by the people here, to distinguish it from the others of less intensity, 'el gran seco'—visited the country. All the smaller rivers were either dried up or else rendered so salt as to be useless—you know the soil all over these plains, particularly on the south side of La Plata, is impregnated with nitrate of soda—and the larger ones themselves terribly diminished. Nearly the whole of the back country was at last deserted, and every one endeavoured to save some of his stock, by migrating to the main streams, where still some trifle of herbage could be found here and there. We were better off than the rest, being on a 'rincon,' that is, a place nearly enclosed by a bend of the channel, while a deep back water running through the other part almost made it into an island, and we managed by incessant care and watchfulness to prevent being invaded and overrun by the starving cattle which came straying in thousands from all parts.

"The few sheep we then had were stationed at the place we shall sleep at to-night; but as the feed there began to fail, we were obliged to bring them to the main homestead, which was then on this river. I was engaged on this service, and I had a lad with

me, the son of one of our guachos,* who had also accompanied us to the end of our first day's journey; but he had then left us to ride back again for some purpose or other, promising to overtake us next morning, by the time we had gone a mile or two with the flock, which only mustered some eight hundred; but they were choice sheep, amongst them all those imported at so much care and expense.

"I had watched during the first half of the night, and the boy had risen to take my place. It was a beautiful moonlight, I remember, and nearly as light as day, when I was suddenly roused by the voice of Iago, my companion. He had rushed to the horses, which we had kept tethered by their lassos lest they should stray for feed. The sheep were lying peacefully enough grouped in a hollow; and seeing they were all right, and being still not half awake, I peevishly demanded what he meant by disturbing me. He put the horse's bridle in my hand, and merely said, 'Listen!' and then hastened to snatch up and arrange the different materials of my saddle, which also constitute the bed on which the guacho sleeps. And now indeed I observed that the horses were in a state of great excitement, and on the night breeze there rose a sound which, when Iago explained the cause, made me hasten to help him in arranging matters for instant flight. It was a roaring, thundering, though as yet distant, noise which my companion said proceeded from a countless number of wild cattle, which, maddened by thirst, were rushing down from the parched interior districts to the river.

" 'There must be many—many thousands of them! Father told me before he went to be watchful, for the old guachos have been expecting and foretelling that some such thing must soon happen. Hasten, Don Charles! What are you going to do?'

"I was going to rouse the sheep, and drive them before us; but the boy insisted that this would only insure our own destruction, and would be useless besides.

" 'The river is five miles from here, and the flock will be overtaken before we have got one-third that distance; and we ourselves shall not be safe even there unless we reach one spot alone, and that is still farther. Come away at once, or you will perish!'

"But I was determined not to sacrifice my uncle's cherished stock without an effort at least to save them. The truth is, I did not realise the extreme danger of our position. Once on my horse, I thought I was safe enough, and could at the last moment, simply by galloping off, save myself. I did not know that the thundering sound which every moment rose louder and louder, and above which could now be heard the hoarse bellowings of innumerable maddened creatures, proceeded from a body of cattle, the front ranks of which reached right across the great bend of the stream; and that for miles to our right and left the infuriated herd extended, hemming us in, so that there was no other resource but flight to the river. I tried to get the sheep into a run, but with the proverbial stupidity of their kind they took my efforts in very bad part, and would not hurry themselves. Many valuable minutes were thus lost, during which the boy Iago, at other times taciturn enough, stormed angrily at my folly, and at last threatened to set off without me. The sound of the

* Literally, "countrymen," the men who have charge of the herds of cattle in the republics of La Plata. In Chili they are termed "guasos," and are agriculturists as well as herdsmen.

onset of the approaching herd at that moment became so distinct that I began to think it advisable to do as he wished, and off we set at full speed, leaving the sheep to their fate.

"Before we had ridden a couple of miles, however, we saw a horseman coming obliquely to the direction of the advancing herd. It was Iago's father in search of us, for he had heard of the inroad of advanced parties of the wild cattle, and had set off to rejoin us instantly, but had been repeatedly obliged to make circuits to avoid detached bodies of them. He had in consequence lost all idea of his exact locality on the plains, but with the skill, which amounts almost to instinct, of the old guacho, he had found his way to the neighbourhood of the spot at last. But the part we were making for across the river was, he said, already filled with countless beasts; and, indeed, the thunder of the tramping of their myriad hoofs on the baked soil was audible ahead of us. Without a moment's hesitation, however, the old man, putting spurs to his horse, called on us to follow him.

"What a ride that was! We were obliged to keep nearly parallel with the advancing host, which we at last came so near, that the forest of tossing horns, gleaming in the moonlight through the clouds of dust, became plainly visible. But we were rapidly nearing the river. So close was the race, however, that, as we descended the bank, the part of the advancing line which was nearest to it reached it at the same moment.

"These had descended the bank at an accessible place—almost the only one for miles where a horseman could gallop down. Only fancy the scene then as we tore furiously down the border of the stream to reach the spot the old guacho was making for! On our left were either cliffs or very steep banks, down which soon came roaring, tumbling, and crashing on to the granite bed below the bodies of all the front ranks. In hundreds, and soon in thousands, the helpless creatures, pushed on by the maddened myriads behind, fell in one living cataract, and their outcries, as they lay with their limbs fractured, and as fresh victims still in one incessant stream poured down on them, were awful to hear.

"Approaching the river in a bend as they did, the two ends of the advancing line reached it first, the rest being yet at a distance, so that, as we galloped on, this living cataract at first accompanied us. Soon, however, we shot ahead, and reached the spot the old man was striving to make. We did so only a few minutes before the advancing tide of life, about to pour down it, had reached the same place.

"Here the cliffs were some fifty or sixty feet high, and in some places overhanging. Jumping off his horse, and leaving him to his own instincts to preserve himself if he could, the guacho hastily scrambled up the rocks, and we followed his example. Not far from the summit was a ledge of rock, projecting from which grew a cotton-tree. It was a kind of shallow cave, and we had hardly reached its shelter when the tramp of the hoofs above shook the granite rocks whereon we lay; and presently the horrible scene I have just described was here re-enacted on a more awful scale. And there we crouched, watching the stream of living creatures falling down in front and on both sides of us, until the space below was one vast scene of mangled remains. Those which reached it unhurt rushed to the river only to perish in the soft broad margin of clay, in which they were bogged

and smothered in immense numbers. Altogether the guachos computed that there were probably not far from eight or ten thousand head perished on that night. The frenzy of thirst which impelled them was such, and the scent of the water appeared to render them so ungovernable, that numbers seemed to me to make no pause whatever, but leaped into the valley below, as if unconscious of the descent before them.

"There had been a hut on the plain, not far from the edge of the cliffs, on the preceding evening, but its two inhabitants had, with their child, been surprised in their sleep, its clay walls had given way under the pressure, and we found their remains—or rather the fragments of them—trodden out of all human semblance, lying amidst the ruins."

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

X.

So we come now to the last of our Cambridge papers, to the last of our colleges, and we reserve perhaps the prettiest to the last. But before we take a formal leave we would once more lounge in the familiar streets and take some farewell expedition in the immediate neighbourhood. We take one more look at the long, flat, good roads where men have constitutionalised, and the slow, narrow stream more famous than many great rivers "unknown to song." The freshman is, perhaps, overawed by Cambridge, and attaches to it, if that be possible, too excessive a veneration. When he revisits it from London in after years the university perhaps seems unduly dwarfed, and Cambridge, compared with the imperial interest of the capital, seems very small indeed. The fact is, Cambridge is but a fraction, though a mighty one, in the broader intellectual life of the country. There are many who with grateful minds will move about the colleges and the old historic town—will "mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces." The river will have its especial claims, for there are, indeed, few Cantabrigians who have not plied an oar or rested in their boats beneath the shade. Nor must we forget Milton's solitary allusion to the Cam in his "Lycidas:"

"Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe;
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge!'"

There are, perhaps, few men, too, who will not look back on some lost Lycidas of his youth. There is now a large plan in progress for the thorough cleansing and improvement of the Cam. The whole country is now thoroughly interested in the aquatic contests on the Cam and the Isis. They are certainly the most innocent and ennobling of all sports, but we feel inclined to put in a word in favour of moderation. Those cases are not few in which organic disease in after life is to be traced to the tremendous exertions made in boat-races. Formerly a boating man was considered almost synonymous with a dissipated man, but we believe this old reproach is now far out of date. Such a Cambridge man as Mr. MacGregor, of canoe fame, shows how the highest skill and vigour may be associated with earnest Christian character.

We desire to discuss very briefly some points in

that early history of Cambridge which has been so much a matter of controversy, and to give the latest reliable view on the matter. Going back to the *origines* of Cambridge, we may refer to an interesting recent paper in the "Saturday Review," on "Præ-Academic Cambridge," some part of which we abridge:—"It is hard to throw ourselves back into the days before this change, and to think of Oxford and Cambridge simply as towns, just like any other towns, owing whatever importance they had to their military, commercial, or ecclesiastical advantages. The universities must be content to look upon themselves as societies which began to grow up in the boroughs of Oxford and Cambridge in the course of the twelfth century. The Roman *Camboritum* may fairly claim chronological precedence. The original Cambridge then was a small settlement in what is now the least academical and least fashionable part of it, on the left bank of the river Cam or Grant. All that is supposed to be old in Cambridge must be wiped out of the imagination. Colleges were not only not there, but they had nothing to represent them. The present Cambridge, as a town of colleges and private houses, had no being. A hill rises above the hill, and on that hill stood old *Camboritum*. Its Roman walls included only a small quadrangular circuit, whose extent it is not hard to trace, and whose boundary in one place coincides with the boundary wall of Magdalen College. *Camboritum*, like so many other Roman towns, was utterly overthrown, to be inhabited again only when the conquerors had themselves so far advanced as to know the value of towns and fortresses. In the days of *Bæda*, *Camboritum*, or *Grantchester*, lay desolate; it was a place among whose ruins the pious votaries of Ely could find a slab of stone, a thing which, in that stoneless region, could be found only where the ancient conquerors had left it. But before the days of Edward the Elder, the place must have risen again, as *Grantbridge* was of importance enough to give its name to a shire, in a new division of *Mercia*. Outside the old circuit is one most remarkable work of the latter days of the twelfth century. The building so strangely known as the School of *Pythagoras*, is more accurately known as *Merton Hall*, from its owner in the thirteenth century, *Walter of Merton*, the renowned bishop, chancellor, and founder. It is plainly the house of a gentleman—we might still, perhaps, almost venture to say a *Thegn*—who, without actually living in the town, found it safe and convenient to live under the shadow of its walls. Surviving houses of that date may be almost counted upon one's fingers, and one could wish to see the present building, the property of an Oxford college in the town of Cambridge, in better order than it is. . . . It is from the eleventh century that we may date the extension of the old borough. The town began to move itself to the right side of the river. Religious foundations grew up. The town increased, and, though never walled, was encompassed by a ditch. And the university and its colleges grew up also, till the old *Camboritum*, the old *Grantbridge*, the Roman, then the Old-English town, sank into what we should be tempted to call an obscure suburb, were it not that as being the seat of the local administration of justice, it still retains somewhat of the character of the *Acropolis*."

A few more local notes may perhaps be interesting. There is a peculiar custom that Cambridge butter is always sold by the yard and retailed by the inch.

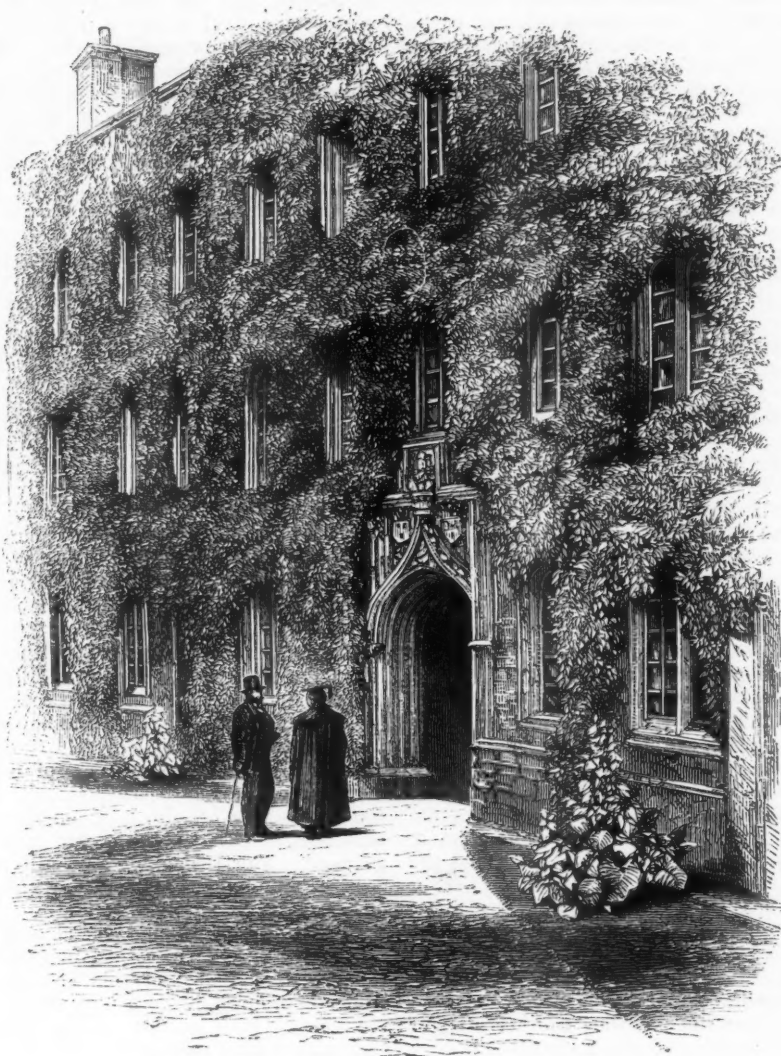
Cambridge brawn is also famous. Some time ago our esteemed contemporary, "Notes and Queries," actually admitted an absurd correspondence on the question whether the gelatine of the brawn was produced by keeping an open wound in the pig's back. Brawn is properly obtained only from the boar, and the absurd hypothesis was altogether baseless. A curious fact is mentioned in "Notes and Queries": this is the publication of a Bible at the Pitt Press in 1837, having a preliminary inscription as follows: "In consequence of a communication most graciously made by his Majesty King William the Fourth to the Marquis Camden, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the syndics of the Pitt Press, anxious to testify their dutiful obedience to his Majesty's wishes, undertook the publication of this impression of the Holy Scriptures." The copy was printed on vellum, the first impressions being struck off by the Chancellor, the Duke of Cumberland, and other royal and noble personages, including the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Prince George, now Duke of Cambridge. The Chancellor told them that the King had expressed a desire to have a copy of that sacred book from the press which bore the name of that illustrious statesman William Pitt. This is the last edition of the Bible in which the reading occurs (*Matt. xii. 23*), "Is this the Son of David?" instead of, "Is *not* this the Son of David?" One great defect of Cambridge is that, to a very great extent, we miss those musical chimes which are so constant at Oxford. Dr. Faber complains of this in the sonnet in which he does such poetic justice to the unapproached loveliness of the Cambridge "backs" of colleges.

Now let us run over some of the localities. There is *Barnwell*, which, in point of fact, is part of Cambridge now. There are still some remains of an old priory here, which the Norman *Picot* built through the persuasion of his wife *Hagolina*. The midsummer fair, called *Pot Fair*, from the amount of earthenware sold, was once famous. Very evil has been the reputation of *Barnwell*, but good men have resolutely grappled with the evil, and in the long run we know that evil will be overcome of good. Close by is *Stourbridge*, so called from a little rivulet, the *Stour*. Once perhaps the greatest fair in England or the Continent used to be held at *Stourbridge*, which, if existing at all now, has dwindled away to the slenderest dimensions. But this fair was once the *Novgorod* of England. When our commercial system had received no development, and the means of locomotion were limited, the great fair of *Stourbridge* brought dealers and merchandise together in enormous masses. Hackney coaches to a large extent were brought down from London, and plied up and down the streets of the fair. We think it was this fair which *Bishop Andrewes* promised to show *Erasmus* if he would come and pay him a visit. If we could only realise its scenery we should have before us a most vivid picture of mediæval Cambridge and Cambridgeshire. The fair used to have regular rows, such as *Bunyan* described the rows of a fair, *Cooks'-row*, *Booksellers'-row*, *Ironmongers'-row*, etc. *Chesterton* is one of the famous resorts of Cambridge men. In former days, when billiards were not permitted at the university, they used to go out to play billiards at *Chesterton*. The system is now legalised, but from what we have seen we believe that it would be very advisable for the university to put some check or limit even to the

present practice. Chesterton derives its name from Cambridge Castle, which is within its limits. There are the remains of a Roman vallum, in which Roman coins have been found.

will go all the way from Oxford to London in a four-oar, or from Cambridge to London on velocipedes.

Madingley, the seat of the Cottons, is a favourite walk from Cambridge. The manor-house is not



JESUS COLLEGE.

Another place, very quiet and secluded, is Grantchester. It is up the sluggish stream, and a favourite place of resort for musing students. Once it was so sequestered that it is described as "absolutely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. There is no road through it, that I know of, which leads to any village of consequence, much less to any market town." At least this is the account given some time back. A favourite excursion is down the Cam to Ely, some twenty miles; and Ely Cathedral is one of the regular sights of Cambridge. In cold weather we have known men to do this by skating all the way there and back before hall. We need scarcely say that university men perform all sorts of athletic peregrinations. They

at all unlike Holland House at Kensington. It was the abode of the Prince of Wales during his residence at Cambridge, a residence which would have been probably prolonged, save for the lamented death of the Prince Consort. Madingley is supposed by some to have been the scene of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." The evidence would rather seem to point to Stoke Pogis, but it seems impossible to doubt but this lovely village, which must have been often visited by the pensive poet, contributed something towards that immortal poem. "The churchyard is just such a comfortable spot (being surrounded by very high shrubbery, so thick and bushy as to be impervious alike to the chilling blasts of winter and to the scorching rays

of the summer sun) as one would select to repose one's ashes in.'

The little village of Messington is famous for the melancholy case of a poor woman named Woodcock, who was overtaken by a snowdrift on a severe winter night, in which she continued for nearly eight days and nights before she was discovered. A partial thaw showed the red handkerchief which she had taken the precaution of hanging on a thicket by the side of which she sank. She died a few months afterwards.

The village of Trumpington, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, gives its name to the well-known street and the well-known road. Here the "men" would walk to refresh themselves after their studies, and the dons to get an appetite for their dinners. A part of it is called the "Senior Wranglers' Walk." In a book which we have before quoted, there is a little anecdote about Simeon, which does not occur in his biography: "I fell foul of old Simeon. He was amusing himself with jumping over the ditches. He's as good a horseman as a preacher, and that's saying much. He was leaping and making his servant follow him. One, however, which he took, the servant dared not attempt, at which the fine old fellow roared out, 'You cowardly dog, why don't you follow?' This scene took place in the Senior Wranglers' Walk, even at the time when it was crowded by Simeonites." Cherry Hinton also is a favourite walk. This large rustic village obtained its name from the quantity of cherries which it once produced. It is situated at the bottom of those famous Gogmagog hills, about four miles from Cambridge, which though moderate in size, seem to be respected as the highest eminences in the county. Once they were called the pleasant hills of Basham, and it is conjectured that they got this name from the rude and mighty portraiture of a giant cut by some Cambridge scholars on the turf. Lord Osborn's place is near here. We have a pleasant recollection of a drive into Babraham. Here is the seat of the Adeanes; and it was the residence at one time of the Palavicini family. The great show house of the county is of course Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Hardwicke. There is a fine gallery of pictures here. Like all the Cambridge scenery, it is very flat; but unlike most of the Cambridge scenery, it is very well-wooded. Burwell ought to be mentioned in the direction of Newmarket, that Newmarket which is so sternly interdicted to students, but whither some of them nefariously resort. Hardly any village history has so sad a narrative as Burwell gives us in the last century, when a great number of people congregated in a barn to see how the straw took fire, and seventy-eight persons perished. The fire, as is so often the case, was the result of sheer carelessness. It is, or was, the custom that the Vice-Chancellor should every year at mid-lent go over to Burwell to preach a sermon. The university is the patron of the living, and has a considerable estate in the parish. Gunning in his "Reminiscences" gives an account of a Vice-Chancellor's mid-lent expedition here: "When he arrived at the Devil's Ditch"—one of the remarkable curiosities of Cambridgeshire, a trench or bank, probably against invasion—"two strong cart-horses and their driver (belonging to the tenant) were in waiting, and one had several spare traces in the carriage. At this point we quitted the road altogether, and went across the ploughed lands. There was no longer any danger of overturning, but

six horses were obliged to exert themselves to the utmost to keep the carriage in motion. At length we arrived at the vicarage, where we stopped and had some refreshment, and then proceeded to the church, a very noble edifice, and filled about to suffocation by persons who had come (notwithstanding the badness of the day) to see a Vice-Chancellor. After the sermon, we proceeded to the old manor-house, situated about three-quarters of a mile from the church, and on the very edge of the Tees. We were conducted into a small parlour, and in a few minutes were told that dinner was on the table. The repast was of the most ample description: three huge fowls were on the top of the table; at the bottom was an enormous sirloin of beef; on one side, a huge ham of excellent flavour; on the other side, a pigeon pie; and in the centre, an unusually large plum pudding." It will be noted that Alma Mater is always generously profuse in matters of her children's nourishment.

It was a saying of King James the First, "that if he lived in the university he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus." We can well understand the feeling which dictated such a remark. Jesus College stands pleasantly back from the road; it is surrounded with gardens and a wide prospect of green meadows, and its precinct is laved by the Cam. A sufficiently curious history belongs to the college. Originally there was a convent of nuns on a tract of ground by the river-side, called Greencroft. No less a personage than Malcolm the Fourth, King of Scotland, greatly enlarged this foundation, to which he gave a church and the name of St. Rhadegund. A nunnery and a university hardly flourished on the same ground, and John Alcock, the Bishop of Ely, obtained permission from the king and the pope to convert the foundation into a college. Bishop Alcock is now justly regarded as the founder. A successor in his see, James, the thirtieth Bishop of Ely, and brother of the first Earl of Derby, largely augmented its resources. He made a grammar-school in the buildings, "between the tower and the Fellows' garden." The Bishop of Ely still nominates to a special fellowship, founded by his predecessor, Bishop Stanley.

Bishop Alcock's badge or rebus is a cock, which noble bird may be discerned in many parts of the college. Sometimes the cock is standing on a globe, which appropriately does duty for the first part of the name. In a window of the library there is a cock with a label issuing from his mouth, having the inscription "Εγω εμι ἀλέκτωρ, to which another on the opposite side crows in reply, "Οὕτως καὶ ἔγω, "And I'm another." The first court is open towards the meadows on the west. There is something eminently pleasing in the ivied walls, the sunny aspect, and the "much green grass." The chapel is a very noble one, and originally made part of the old church of St. Rhadegund. Bishop Alcock pulled down the side aisles to convert it into a college chapel, and by building up and pulling down he completely altered the character of the buildings. It has been magnificently restored according to the design of the original fabric, and may now appropriately take rank after King's College chapel and the new chapel of St. John's College. At Jesus College, as so often elsewhere in the university, there has been just recently an artistic restoration, significant of the renewed and perpetual life of the English collegiate system. On entering the college

from the street one is faced by the north wing of the front court; behind this has for many years existed a garden, which, having been for a long time turned into a kitchen-garden, was, about twenty years ago, restored to its original use, and laid out as an ornamental garden of a somewhat stiff and geometrical appearance. The authority for doing this was an old oil-painting which exists in the library of the college, presenting a bird's-eye view of the buildings and grounds. This garden was separated from the smaller court (called Pump Court) by a high ivy-covered wall. By the removal of this wall, and the consequent throwing together of the garden and court, has been formed the "New Court." This wall encloses both the new and old court, and consists of red brick with stone coping above, on which stands the railing and the *chevaux de frise*. By means of this wall the front court has been enlarged one-third. Entering the college from the street you find on your right hand a handsome stone arch, which has been cut to afford accommodation to the increased traffic to and from the new court. The effect as you enter the new court is very striking: in place of the somewhat stiff grass-plot common to collegiate courts in Cambridge, you find yourself in a garden court, with handsonetrees of many years' growth, through which you approach the new buildings, having on your right the old buildings of Pump Court and the new offices, to screen which latter a mound has been cast up, and this already presents a very handsome and agreeable appearance. The new buildings consist of four staircases, and afford accommodation for two Fellows and twenty undergraduates; there are also new lecture-rooms in it. Through the building is pierced an archway, affording access to the close and to the cricket-ground. The effect of the brick arch with stone ribs, backed by trees, which are viewed through very handsome iron gates, is very pleasing. Over the archway is a tower, which rises one story above the general sky-line of the building. Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, has followed the style of the old building, and has produced a simple yet very effective result. On the north front of the new building he has introduced two oriel windows, one over the archway.

A sunk fence, bounding a new garden to the north of the new building, separates the close from the grounds; a terraced walk along the edge of the fence affords a good view of the cricket-ground. This has been much improved by removal of the hedges which surrounded the master's paddock. The college, therefore, now stands without anything, excepting ornamental shrubberies, between it and the surrounding close. The hall appropriately stands on the foundation walls of the old refectory of the nunnery. Of that nunnery there is a touching relique preserved in the south transept of the chapel, a beautiful inscription in Longobardic characters, "*Moribus ornata, jacet hic bona Berta Rosata.*" Dr. Clarke, the traveller, also lies in the chapel, and one Tobias Rustat, greatly venerated for his princely liberality towards the foundation.

Jesus College has had many illustrious sons. Of these we will only name four, whose famous names would command respect for any collegiate foundation, Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Pearson, and in very different lines of intellectual excellence, Laurence Sterne and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

At this point we take our farewell of Cambridge and its Colleges. As we do so we recall the ancient

motto of the university, *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra*, which harmonises so well with the motto of the sister university of Oxford, *Dominus illuminatio mea*. We believe that there exists more honest, hard work at Cambridge than in any other university in the world, and that it affords the most memorable examples of difficulties breasted and overcome by genius and intellect. We rejoice to believe also that parallel with the intellectual life of Cambridge is a real progress in religion and actual goodness, and while she remains true to the Bible and her glorious motto, that light and sacred draughts may be there derived, we may be sure that peace will be within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.

WILLIE TYSON'S TURKEY.

CHAPTER IV.—A TERRIBLE TURKEY.

At the point he had now reached, Willie was almost beyond the need of even self-excuse for going further, but one more such excuse was offered him and hastened the drunken end. After some of the set had, in a bantering way, called out that they would invite themselves to dinner with him on the Christmas Day, or asked him to save the gibles for them, another, speaking in a cool, business tone, said: "Look here, Willie, I'll give you three half-crowns for the goose and bottle of rum, you won't want both them and the turkey."

"Hand over the money," replied Willie, eagerly, and already debating within himself concerning it. So far, he had spent nothing save in the payment of his shot, and he had felt lowered in his own estimation by the fact; had feared that his companions would notice that, though he drank, he did not pay, and stigmatise him as a sponger. But with the windfall now offered him he could, he thought, treat in his turn, and going to a reactionary extreme, he ordered in a bowl of punch the instant he clutched the money.

On the strength of this munificence, coupled with the fact of his being the winner of the turkey, and a prince of such good fellows as were there gathered together, he was voted into the chair of their extemporised "harmonic meeting," and called upon for the first song. Responding to the song, he favoured the company with a music-hall ditty entitled "Soda and B," and running to the purport that brandy and soda-water—otherwise "Soda and B"—was something in the nature of the oft-sought-for elixir of life; that it was good for "breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea," and an antidote to the cares of life. Others followed Willie with similar bacchanalian strains of the music-halls: songs setting forth that they—the singers—were "Always gay and free, boys," were "Jolly Dogs," "Rollicking Rams," "Magnificent Bricks," and a variety of other characters, whose boast and glory it was to "Roll home with the milk in the morning."

The flow of song did not, however, impede the flow of drink, and Willie waxed more drunk and incapable as the hours passed. About eleven o'clock the less seasoned vessels took their departure; but the "die-hards"—including Willie—only drew the closer round the table, and ordering in the drink more fast and furiously, resolved to keep it up until closing time, by which hour Willie was more

thoroughly and helplessly drunk than he had ever been before.

In a general way he was one of those men of whom it is said that only their heads get drunk. His brain succumbed to the drink before his legs, so that often while his senses were quite muddled he could walk perfectly steady. But when at midnight, on this Christmas Eve, he was turned out of the "Hand and Hammer," he was drunk head and legs, body and mind. His brain swam, his blood felt on fire, his limbs refused their office, appearing as though they did not belong to him, and were made of lead, not flesh and blood, while an appalling phantasmagoria of gibbering moving figures mingling with distortions of the realities about him, danced before his burning, bloodshot eyes. Everything seemed turning round him except the pavement, and that appeared to be trying to rise at him, whole streets sometimes nearly getting on end as he entered them. At length, one street, after two or three such partial attempts, suddenly succeeded in darting upon him, seizing him with such a shock, and pressing him so tightly, that he felt as though his forehead was being crushed in; while at the same time the phantom figures closed round him in such inconceivable numbers, and with such a lightning-like whirl, that he was utterly dazed, and quite lost whatever confused sense had up to that moment been left to him.

Such feeling as remained was mostly physical. He could tell that the fiends were torturing him—that they were pouring molten metal on his head, icy water on his feet. And presently there came a master fiend; a colossal black cyclopean figure, with a great flaming eye and terrible voice. He looked on Willie for a moment, and then, with a sudden wrench, dragged him from the grasp of the pavement, and after hurrying him along for some distance, thrust him into a dark cavern and left him. But scarcely had he turned his back when one of the smaller fiends crept into the place, and after glancing cautiously around, sprang upon Willie's breast, exclaiming, "Now it's my turn!"

In his terror, Willie opened his eyes for a moment, and lo! this last tormentor was no other than his own turkey come to life.

"Oh dear! what do you come after me for?" stammered Willie, "I won you fair."

"Won me," answered the turkey fiend; "lost yourself, you should have said."

"But why should I be lost, or served like this?" urged Willie, appealingly; "I never did anybody any harm—I'm nobody's enemy but my own."

"Nobody's enemy but your own," repeated the turkey, sneeringly; "if you weren't, you might keep on being your own enemy, and no one would trouble themselves."

"Well, who else's enemy am I?"

"Who else's," said the fiendish bird, again scornfully repeating Willie's words, "I'll show you! Look there!"

It swung its head round as it spoke, and, following the direction of the turn, Willie saw the boundary of the cavern open, and a scene present itself beyond that brought a deadly horror upon his soul. It consisted of a narrow, single-arched bridge of dull brickwork, spanning a dark, sluggish canal, which, as it widened out on clearing the arch, formed a sort of basin which, black and deep in itself, and further darkened by the overshadowing of the arch, presented a chillingly sombre appearance. These material

features were familiar enough to Willie, who recognised the spot as the "Bridge of Sighs" of the neighbourhood in which Brown's Buildings were situated. As he gazed on the gloomy spot, he remembered the stories of many of those who from it had madly plunged—

"Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

Stories of men made insane by drink or hopeless by misery, of fallen girls, ill-used wives, and children dragged to a common death by miserable mothers. And as the recollections flashed upon his mind, bringing with them a personal application, he closed his eyes, and shudderingly asked, "Is that what I shall come to?"

"It's what you've driven others to, anyway," answered his tormentor. "Look again! you haven't seen all yet."

Willie opened his eyes again, and there, on the edge of the towing-path, looking down into the cold, black water, stood his wife and children. The wife's face was the only one fully towards him, and he could see that it was deadly pale, and drawn with a haggard, distraught expression, while there was a wild, restless glitter in her eyes, speaking of a mind that had at last been overthrown by its miseries.

"Yes, you may well try to shut out the sight," said the bird, as Willie, with a heavy groan, again closed his eyes, "and yet you dare to prate of being nobody's enemy but your own. Why, man, I wonder you weren't afraid the words would choke you! Who but you has been the enemy of that poor woman? Who has dragged her down, and down, and down, till at last she has been turned out of her last miserable refuge, and shamed, desperate, and homeless, sees nothing for her and the children but that?"

Though he still kept his eyes tightly closed, Willie was conscious that as it finished speaking the vengeful bird pointed to the group on the canal bank. He was conscious, too, that it waited for an answer from him. But fear kept him voiceless, and after a brief pause it resumed:—

"If she carries out her purpose it won't be her act, but yours. You'll be as much the murderer of her and the children as if you had driven a knife to their hearts." There was another pause, and then the demon turkey, suddenly springing from his breast, and assuming human form, excitedly exclaimed, as with outstretched arm and straining eyes it again pointed to the figures on the edge of the water, "And she is going to do it! Look there—see the end of your handiwork!"

Startled by the vehement tone of the new apparition, Willie involuntarily unclosed his eyes, which were instantly transfixed by the spectacle upon which they opened. His wife was just in the act of sweeping the dishevelled hair back from her face, on which the look of despair had now changed from the melancholy to the wild. With hands pressed tightly to her forehead, she stood for a moment irresolute, and then, speaking hurriedly, as if to encourage herself in a failing purpose, exclaimed, so that Willie could hear, "No! no! Better this than to leave them with such a father as theirs." As she concluded she darted upon the children, who then for the first time seemed to fully divine the object for which they had been brought there, and screaming piteously tried to break away from her. But she was remorselessly firm to

her deadly impulse, and endowed with all the strength of madness. Despite their struggles and entreaties, she dragged them to the brink, and, raising them in her arms, plunged with them into the dark cold water, which closed silently over them, and after a few moments' bubbling left no sign of the deed that had been enacted in it—of the secrets which its depths concealed.

As he gazed upon this terrible scene, Willie's every sense seemed palsied with terror. He could neither move nor speak until either movement or speech was useless—until the water had closed over its victims. Then with a great cry of agony he awoke!

For of course it was all a dream. He was in a police cell, and what to his disordered imagination had appeared a monster fiend had simply been an officer with his bull's-eye lantern. The rest had merely been the result of his fall, and the drink acting upon his conscience-stricken mind. But though he was speedily convinced that the horrors he had gone through were a dream, his shuddering terror was scarcely lessened. The dream—as he could now see by its lurid light—was so like what might have become reality since he left home that he could not help looking upon it as prophetic.

As he had only been taken to the cells for his own safety, he was at once dismissed by the inspector on duty; but though at liberty, he feared to go home. Not a shilling of his wages was left, and even the turkey—which might in some sort have served as a peace-offering—had gone. So far as any chance of his seeing it again was concerned, it had vanished as utterly as the turkey of his dream, having in all probability been borne away by some human night-bird, who had found Willie on the pavement previous to the arrival of the policeman. He had never before been out all night; never before been in the hands of the police. And never before had he experienced such a bitter sense of self-degradation as he did on this Christmas morning, when with aching frame and troubled mind he stood outside the police-station, undecided which way to turn his steps. On the one hand he felt ashamed and afraid to meet his wife after what he had done; on the other, he feared lest he should have no living wife to meet, and the sin of blood-guiltiness—in the sense in which the demon bird had put it—be upon his head.

At length, however, he took his way towards his home, and on reaching it saw, with a feeling of relief, that his wife and children were in. But though she was there in the flesh, a second glance at his wife showed her to him a very different woman in spirit to the one he had previously found her. Hitherto, when he had returned penitent from a "spree," she had only met him with tears and entreaties, and had been soothed by promises. But now her manner was curt and hard. She met him with bitter reproaches, spoke to him of himself as others had spoken of him to her, scornfully cut short one or two attempts to make renewed promises, and concluded by announcing that she had fully determined to cast him off once and for ever—to accept the condition on which her father would give a home to her and her children.

Willie implored, and, in the unstrung state of his nerves, even wept; but she remained inexorable—until she saw that he was dreadfully ill. Then, woman-like and wife-like, she relented. The unusually severe dissipation of the preceding night—

the fall, the exposure to the night air, the terrible dream in the police cell—had broken him down physically. He was already in a violent fever, and could scarcely stand; and seeing this, his wife helped him to his bed, and it was three months before he rose from it again fit to work. It was a terribly trying period—a period during which the wife and children endured dreadful privations; but at the end of it came the turn in their long lane of suffering.

Willie left his sick bed another and a better man. The memory of that disgraceful night, and the long, lonely hours of sickness, brought his mind into a state of serious reflection, and he saw himself as those others who had always asserted that he *was* somebody's enemy beside his own, had seen him. A sense of shame restrained him from again resorting to the fervent verbal protestation that it had formerly been his habit to deal in so freely. But he mentally resolved that, with God's help, he would yet amend his life. He prayed humbly and fervently for strength to carry out his resolves, and the strength was given to him.

Nor when, in this becoming spirit, he came to do battle with his own besetting weaknesses, was aid from his fellow-man withheld from him, though it came from a quarter in which he had least of all looked for it. Among his mates was one Joe Johnson, or, as he was called by the drinking set in the shop, "Cold-water Joe." For though he was not a teetotaler, he was a thoroughly temperate, steady fellow, and as such, occasionally took up his parable against the proceedings of the lushingtons—proceedings which not only bring distress upon their families, but often give rise to workshop regulations that weigh heavily upon sober men. He had liked Willie, and had often tried to persuade him to amend; but the latter, being in those days the jolliest of jolly good fellows, had scorned the advice, and joined in the ridiculing of the adviser, who, finding all his well-intentioned efforts of no avail, had after a time desisted from them. Willie was, therefore, surprised as well as pleased when Joe, with a good-natured boldness, did come to his assistance. "Take no heed of them, Willie," he said, one evening, as he overtook a group of the drinking set under whose chaffing and jeering Willie was beginning to show signs of giving way, as they approached the "Hand and Hammer." "Don't you mind their laughter, lad," he went on; "that won't hurt you, but the drink will. It's better that they should laugh than that your wife and children should have occasion to cry."

"Ay, you'd better go with Cold-water Joe," sneered one of the group.

"Well, mate, though I'm perhaps not the person who should say so, I think he better had," answered Joe, with a good-humoured smile, "and I hope he'll think so too."

When the others turned into the public-house, Willie *did* go on his way home with Joe, and, as they walked along, opened his heart to him. From that day they became fast friends, and Joe's advice was now as gratefully received as it was kindly given. Nor did he stop short at advice, when he had once satisfied himself that Willie was at last firm and earnest in his intention of amendment. Having always been a steady man, he was in his degree a person of substance, and was able to lend Willie material aid to raise himself out of the slough of despond into which drink had dragged him. The

getting out of this slough—the avoiding of temptation, the “giving up of the drink,” and the breaking with the “lushington” section of his fellow-workmen—was hard work for Willie at first, as the craving for itself which drink creates was still at work within him. But as time wore on this baneful feeling got weaker and weaker, and the task of self-reformation easier and easier, until at length it ceased to be any task.

At the end of another seven years the home of the Tysons was once more one of the happiest in England, and the long-loving, long-suffering wife had at last her reward. Apart from the drink Willie was, as she had said, a good husband, and now to his husbandly love for her, and natural kindness of disposition, was added a deep sense of the debt of gratitude he owed her for what she had done for him.

The chief object of his better life is to try to compensate her for all he made her suffer in the miserable past. But Anne says that she only did what any other loving wife would have done, and wishes him never to speak of the past, as he generally does so in a self-reproachful vein.

In the present, however, they are very happy, and have every prospect of continuing to be so in the future. “And,” as Willie often says, “all through the turkey.”

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

WHAT a wonderful year has been this, whose shadows are now darkening around us, this year of grace 1870! It will be a year ever to be remembered, the saddest and most awful year of European history for more than half a century. We entered upon the year so quietly. There were no wars, no rumours of wars. But quickly the horizon was overcast, and soon a deluge of blood began to flow. It is fitting that at the close of another volume, we should place on record a few brief notes of a year that must exert so vast an influence on the destinies of Europe.

The first great event abroad that attracted the attention of the civilised world was the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility at the so-called Œcumenical Council. Nearly all the more-cultured, liberal, and independent minds of the Roman Catholic communion were steadily opposed to this monstrous assumption. The Pope, whose dogma of the Immaculate Conception had done so much to grieve pious minds, now propounded the *schema* of the intended dogma of his Infallibility. Perhaps only this was wanted to “crown the edifice” of the monstrous pretensions of the Roman See. The Pope now literally seemed to accomplish more than ever the words of denouncing prophecy, that anti-Christ sitting in the temple of God made himself equal to God. The quarter, moreover, from whence the decree came was not likely to commend itself to any intelligent Romanist familiar with the history of past Councils. It had not even the measure of authority which belonged to the Council of Trent. For the first time in the history of Councils, the presence of temporal princes was wanting, intimating not indistinctly that in one direction the limit was set to the duration of the temporal power. Their absence corresponded with all-important facts. It is not too much to say of Spain, that she had sacrificed her existence as a great empire to the slavish fidelity with which she had

supported the Inquisition, and carried out papal dogmas and behests. Spain was now liberating herself from her thralldom, and permitting the free circulation of the Scriptures so long forbidden. Portugal was becoming alienated. Austria had withdrawn her *concordat*. The rebellion of the Roman Catholic mind of Germany, evidenced before at Munich, was still more proclaimed. Most of all, throughout all Italy there was the deepest aversion to the temporal power of the Papacy, and a great religious movement was progressing that threatened its spiritual power. France indeed continued, both in fact and name, the eldest son of the Church, a title which she vindicated by the horde of Zouaves on whom the papal throne rested, and the zeal with which the Empress and her party supported the Pope. The better section of French and German Romanists would have rejected the *schema*. But the Pope rested absolutely on his numerical majority. The great mass of Italian bishops of course slavishly supported him. The great mass of titular bishops, the bishops *in partibus*, followed on the same side. Various perverts, some English perverts especially, strenuously supported the scheme. It must also be added that the power of the minority for discussion and combination was limited as much as might be. Strangers who were attracted to Rome by the great scenes which it at this time presented, were powerfully impressed with that practical argument that had so much influence on Luther's mind. They saw that the city which enjoyed the alleged benign spiritual rule was in order, comfort, civilisation, religion, government, on a lower level than most great European cities. A minority, small in number, but weighty in names and influence, gave their votes against the scheme, and withdrew their personal opposition when they found that it was unavailing. The dogma of the Infallibility was then rigorously proclaimed *de fide*, a sore burden of heart to many of those who seek to force themselves into mental acquiescence. It was noted that the proclamation of the new dogma was made amid rain and darkness and thunder, which to some minds afterwards appeared portentous of wilder storms to come.

It is generally exceedingly difficult to define the operations of Providence in the events of contemporary history. Looking back upon the past, it often appears, indeed, like a land marked out in which we may trace the course and the meaning of the path which individuals and communities may tread. But there are some events which, even close at hand, seem to bear very clearly the characteristics of Providence and retribution. In a single momentous week two tremendous events astounded the moral sentiment of Europe. The first was the promulgation of an impious dogma, the second was the declaration of an unnecessary and therefore an immoral war. The collocation of the two events was, indeed, sufficiently remarkable. It was then little surmised that the power and dominion of the greatest prop of the Roman Church would be utterly broken, and that a series of events was beginning which, in regular causation, would shatter to pieces what remained of the temporal power of the Bishop of Rome. Spain, clinging to the idea of monarchical institutions, had long been seeking for a fit candidate to fill her vacant throne. She had fixed upon Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose brother had, in a way not dissimilar, succeeded to Roumelia. Ever since the battle of Sadowa France had considered the pro-

gress, unity, and development of Germany as a standing menace to herself. When now a cadet of the Hohenzollern family was nominated for the throne of Spain, France immediately accepted this as a threat against herself. When the King of Prussia was called upon to renounce the claim of the Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, he drew a distinction, fraught with suspicion and irritation to France, between his position as king and as the head of the Hohenzollern family. To the great relief of all true men, the Prince declined the crown, and it was supposed that the difficulty was tided over. But in a few hours the aspect of affairs was again woefully changed. It became known that France had demanded further guarantees from Prussia. The friendly offices of neutral powers were unavailing. To the scandal of Christendom, to the shame of the boast of our modern civilisation and progress, the two most enlightened nations of the continent, the foremost in culture and intelligence, were prepared to grapple to the death in an internecine struggle. To onlookers the coming war promised the sad solution of great problems. The military primacy of Europe was at stake. The issue lay between a large national army, lately victorious, and perfectly organised, and a nation that for years had claimed a warlike pre-eminence, and was now armed with new weapons of precision, and a vast machinery of destruction. The French army was supposed to have received the most unremitting attention during the whole of the Empire; the War Minister declared himself perfectly ready, and the Premier accepted war "with a light heart." But only a few years before General Trochu, probably the best French military critic, had severely condemned many points in the French army organisation, and those who watched the internal politics of France had pronounced that personal government was political failure, that it laid open the way of corruption, and was necessarily wanting in vigorous supervision.

For a few weeks there was an awful pause. Public sympathy mainly sided with Prussia, as the attacked and the defending State. The Germans were moving rapidly to the frontier; the French were making unwelcome discoveries of the incompleteness of their preparations. At this juncture a painful sensation was excited in England by the discovery of a project of treaty between Prussia and France. According to this treaty, France was to be aided and abetted in a robber plan of seizing upon her weak neighbour, Belgium. Mutual recriminations passed between the representatives of the conflicting powers respecting the authorship of the *projet*, which was confessedly in the handwriting of the French Minister. Without settling that question, it became perfectly evident to Great Britain that she ran a real hazard, while discharging her treaty obligations towards Belgium, of being dragged into an unequal war on the continent. Parliament, before it separated, added two millions to the estimates, and voted an increase of twenty thousand men to the army. An identical treaty was made, both with France and Prussia, to repel any invasion from either one, as the case might possibly be. The little kingdom of Belgium, our close ally, whose public feeling had been at the keenest tension, and which for ages had been "the cockpit of Europe," now ventured to rest with a grateful sense of security.

The first blood of this unhappy war, beyond some slight affairs of outposts, was shed by the French

in their attack on Saarbruck. Europe was called upon to witness, which she did with horror, "the baptism of fire" of the young Prince Imperial. This first conflict, on which an undue stress was laid by the French, was in itself little more than an affair of outposts. The storm of war almost immediately after set in against both wings of the French army, and with tremendous results. At Woerth and at Forbach the Prussians took the victorious initiative. The full value of these triumphs was not at once revealed. But in truth the campaign was won and lost at Woerth. As the days passed, the sense of the greatness of this conflict grew. In vain the Emperor wrote, "all may be recovered." The wings of the French army were separated, and each wing was crumpled up. The Emperor resigned a command, for which he was disabled by ill-health, and for which he was at no time fitted, into the hands of Marshal Bazaine. Then came the three tremendous battles before Metz, Vionville, Gravelotte, and Mars-la-Tour. The result was that the army of Marshal Bazaine fell back within the lines of Metz, into a condition of hopeless blockade. The defeated and demoralised army of MacMahon fell back upon Chalons, upon Eprenay, upon Rheims. It made a movement to the north-east in the hope of effecting a juncture with Bazaine. In the meanwhile the Parisians and the French nation were amused with a tissue of falsehoods, which told of impossible victories.

But events were hurrying on to the great catastrophe of the war. No march could be effected without the cognisance of the watchful German. The corps of De Failly was overtaken and routed. Then began the retreat upon Sedan, and all the fierce horrors of that day. It was scarcely thought that the Emperor himself was with the army. Such, nevertheless, was the case, and he appears to have sought death upon the field of battle. It was impossible that the conflict could be prolonged. The town was unprepared for a siege, and the heights were commanded by the enemy. Strong artillery planted on all these heights showed the Emperor that resistance would simply result in massacre. The result was a capitulation, in which nearly a hundred thousand men passed into captivity. The Emperor himself was sent to Wilhelmshohe. In French as in English history there have been the capitulation of armies and the capture of sovereigns. But the catastrophe at Sedan was on the most colossal scale, involving the downfall of the Emperor and his dynasty, and a loss of men and munitions of war unparalleled in modern history.

Such an issue of events could only have one result in such a city as Paris. Paris followed her normal custom of revolution, and again all France followed the normal custom of siding with Paris. Lyons went beyond Paris, and displayed the red flag. Nothing succeeds as success, and nothing fails as failure does. The Emperor had done much for Paris and for France. He had quayed her rivers with marble; he had covered her with a mantle of imperial buildings; he had encouraged art, science, and industry; he had created a powerful navy; he had conquered in great wars, and had added to French territory; he had made Paris the home of splendour, and the centre of all luxury; but he had ultimately failed, and failure could not be forgiven. France had virtually endorsed the war, with the exception of a small minority, most of whom, like M. Thiers, did not oppose it because it was immoral, but because

it was inopportune. Had the Emperor been successful, every murmur would have been hushed; but because he lost the dreadful game which he played for the prolongation of his power, the imperial power was held to be the stakes, and was forfeited. But France had been too widely the accomplice of the Emperor, and the punishment which had fallen upon the chief was also to fall upon the land. In this critical conjunction of affairs a band of men stepped forward and composed a provisional government. They included several men who had been conspicuous in the revolution of 1848—such as the eminent barristers M. Crémieux, M. Jules Favre, M. Garnier-Pagès, and new men, of whom the chief was M. Gambetta. The events that succeeded, especially the sieges of Strasburg and of Metz, are fresh in our memories. In due time the Prussians encamped around Paris, and King William made his head-quarters at the very palace of Versailles dedicated “to all the glories of France.” Then ensued a siege, the issue of which is uncertain while we write, for which we shall vainly seek a parallel, or perhaps find one in the siege of Jerusalem alone.

The temporal power of the Pope had long depended upon French support only. With the misfortunes of the French it tottered towards its fall. The Italians, who had repeatedly profited through the French in their advance towards unity and nationality, profited most of all by their misfortunes. The impulse of the whole kingdom demanded the long-delayed accomplishment of the dream of Rome as the national capital. With very little conflict a breach was made, and Victor Emmanuel at last became really King of Italy. The Pope retired to the Roman district known as the Leonine City. Not many weeks after his impious assumption of infallibility, the blow fell upon him which annihilated his sovereignty.

England could only remain neutral, though troubled, as in the American war, by the complaints of belligerents respecting alleged infringements of her neutrality. She anxiously employed her good offices,

whenever there seemed a chance of peace, and raised magnificent contributions in aid of the sick and wounded. The solitary gleam that has brightened this sad war has been the increased care and sympathy for the wounded, and the carrying out of the Geneva Convention. England was not without a grievous loss, which in its extent approximated to the loss of a battle-field. That noble ironclad, the “Captain,” the production of our highest nautical science, built at a vast expense, and with more than five hundred of the finest men in the navy, went down one squally night with all on board, of whom hardly a score escaped. Its inventor, Captain Cowper Coles, perished with her.

Amid wars and rumours of wars, while men's hearts are failing them, for fear and distress is gathering upon the nations, there is one thought that may make the heart of the Christian fixed, and hopeful, and patient. This is the thought that “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,” that He makes even the wrath of man to praise him, and even from evil still educes good. And let us all take to heart one solemn lesson of these events. Yet a little while, and the same fate, unrelenting, assuredly comes to us which has come to those who have fallen on the battle-field, or in the trenches, or before beleaguered walls. Yet a little while, and we shall all be contemporaries together; the conquerors and the conquered, those who fought in the great war and those who, by a kindly Providence, have been sheltered in their island home. It will matter very little, if we have made that salvation our own which the Lord Christ died to bring, if through that most precious and divine of all deaths, we, through the grave and gate of death, pass to a joyful resurrection, to the inheritance of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Yet would that even now we might hear, above all the tumults of war, that song of the angels, “Peace on earth, goodwill to men,” the assurance of a divine redemption which shall yet be perfectly wrought out for the suffering nations of men.

“Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

“Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

“And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

“For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.”



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